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### JOHN T. PEARCE, Editor and Manager.

## The Bee.

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UEDROK IVLER, Proprietor. Sewious, Aug. 20, 1877.

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I offer my services to the traveling public, and can be found at all times ready to convey passengers to ad-from the Depot, or to Sandy Hook and Newtown St. Charges moderate. Remember the "G verner, GEORGE REDSTONE.

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roiss Leave Newtown Going North, 10.47 a.

1.45 2.03 5. Nami 7.03 p. m. 10.47 a. m.

1.29 p. m. trans connect at Broogneid June

1 with union for Danjuny.

Soing Sand, 6, 15 and 11.40 a. m., 5.05 and 7, 35 a. s. Sunday Train, 7.45 p. m.

Frains Leve Haulegrille Going North, 10.57 a. h. 1. 25 .15 5.40 and 7.75 p. m. 10 of a. m. and 1.40 p. m. trains connect at Brookfield June and k40 p. m. trains' connect at Broosheld Junc-tion with trains for l'abbury.

Song South, 6.5' and f1.30 a. m., 4.55 and 7.20
p. m. Sunday Milk Train, 7.80 p m

Shepaug Railroad,

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS, commencing ing Praint Leave Newfown at 10,47 a. m. p. m. Arrive at Letchneid 2.79 and 7.55 Connecting Table 2018 Literated 2. 79 and 7.55 g. m. Sciendage an additional Compection is made by Train passing Newtown at 7.65 p. m. Sciendage an additional Compection is made by Train passing Newtown at 7.65 p. m. with Train arriving at Literated at 10.00 p. m. Lace Literated 2.55 a. m. Mondays 7.15 a. m. and 2.50 p. m. Arriving at Hawksyville 11.30 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. on-neeting with trains on Housatonie R. R. Sanday Milk Frais leaves Lateratical 4-8 p. m. addennated with Housatonie Milk Train.

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Only ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

## LOETRY.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Now gently falls the fading light, The autumn's stoset veil, While dusky grows the wavering flight Of whi; -poer-will and quail. The grain is bound, the nuts are brown On every wooded hill.

The light is softened on the down, And ailvered on the rill. The partridge drums : the plover's call

Salutes the sportenan's ear, And just above the water-fall The fisher sets his weir. Sweep lightly to the soil,

And Autumn walks the land and sings, With rustling sandals stod. - E. Norman Gunnison, in Scribner

# Secon Stories.

### A Happy Mistake.

Day by day I had seen the lines of care deepen round my father's mouth and forehead, and watched my mother's pale and anxious gaze rest upon him. Night after night did Maude and I lie

side by side, and spend the hours--when sleep, they tell us, lends us beauty -- in wondering what trouble was hovering over us.

But the knowledge came all too soon My father had lent money which he supposed he could call in at any time. The time arrived, but the money was not forthcoming. His health was rapidly failing him, a fact his business anxieties in no way helped, and we soon knew he must mortgage heavily the farm, and that if his health continued to fail he might soon be unable even to pay the

Then Maude and I began to hold our whispered conversations to better purpose--to decide that we were strong and young, and healthy, and such gifts were given to us to be made use of. And so it ended in our sending off a mysterious letter to the old school-teacher, and waiting and watching days for a reply. which came at last to tell us she had succeeded in finding a situation as gover- she might have graced any throne. competency, which to us seemed wealth.

The lady was willing to take any one on her recommendation, and either of us, she felt assured, would fill the role. So she left it for us to decide-one must go and one must stay.

At last Maude said it must be she who would go. She was older than I, and she thought she would be happier away working than at home sitting with fold ed hands. She was so pretty, so lovely and loyable that it seemed as though we could not let her go among strangers.

At first, father and mother would not listen to it, but we overruled all objection, and Maude wrote and appointed a day for her coming.

The intervening time passed rapidly away in busy preparation, and at last the one Sunday left us dawned bright and clear. Maude looked so lovely that morning in her pretty bat, with its long drooping feather, that I did not wonder the eyes of a stranger in the church wandered persistently to our pew

He was a tall, handsome man, sitting with the Leonards-4 name which, in our village, represented its aristocracy and wealth.

There were gentlemen from the city visiting there constantly, but their gaze did not often wander from the stylish, elegant Miss Leonards to seek any other attractions.

I saw them glance around once or twice, as if to discover what else in the church could possibly distract attention from themselves, and I fear I felt more pride in Madde's beauty than was quite consistent with the sacred place in which we were.

But after she had gone, and at night I went, for the first time, to my room alone, I felt that she had chosen the ber ter part-that it was easier even to go forth among strangers, with your hand at the plow, than to sit down quietly on the vacant bearthstone,

However, I soon found plenty for heart and hands. My father grew rapidly worse sustems of better, and it was hard work so to word my letters to Maude that she should not know of the skeleton in our home-the studow of coming death

Her letters were bright and cheery, like herself; and when at last I told her father grew no better, she answered she SUBSCRIBE For The had met Dr. Melrose, who was a relative of the lady whose children she taught of the lady whose children she taught, and asked him to go down and see father

and that she would defray the necessary

I almost gasped when I read the name -Dr. Melrose. His fame had reached even our ears. I wondered how she could have approached him with such a request but I said nothing to father of her de sire, and one morning, about a week

later, his card was put into my hands. With quick, trembling limbs, I hastened down to meet him, and opened the parlor door to find myself face to face with the stranger who, weeks before had

sat in the Leonards' pew. My face grew red and pale as I re cognized him, but he came forward very

quietly, and, taking my hand, said --"Come, we will have a little talk first, and then you shall take me to see your

father. I quickly obeyed him, and sat down me of my sister-of her happiness in her way into their hearts, and how glad he was not yet disclosed. was that business at this time called him to this spot, and enabled him to perhaps pleasant laugh and jest. Occasionally I be of some assistance. intercepted a glance between Maude and

self awaiting his return with a calm assurance that, could mortal aid avail him, he would find it in Dr. Melrose's healing ed: touch.

A half hour passed before his return, and when he entered the room I knew I on you. To morrow I will present it to might hope.

"It is not so bad as I feared," he said. Time and careful nursing will soon restore him. The latter I shall intrust to you.

Then he gave me his 'directions so clearly that I could not misunderstand them, and when he hade me good by, holding both my hands for a moment in his own, and said, "You must take care of vontsell as well and not give me so kindly that I felt my heart leap as I thought-

"It was for Maude's sake he has done this thing He loves her."

It did not seem strange that she should have won the heart of a man as high in the world's favor as Ernest Melrose stood. It would not have seemed strange to me had she won royalty; in tny eyes

So I wrote her of his visit, and

wonderful results; how father improved day by day, and how, with health, came hope and courage, so that soon the clouds would scatter, and we should have her home again. But she answered, begging me never

to think her unhappy-that in Mrs. Marvin she had found a second mother, and in her work only pleasure.

She rarely mentioned Dr. Melrose's name, but I could well understand why she was silent.

So the Winter passed. Two or three times the doctor came to relieve its monotony. My parents grew to welcome him as a friend, and I, in my heart of hearts, as a brother, for I felt sure I had guessed the secret of his love for Maude. He talked of her so constantly, telling me how bravely she did her duty, and how her beauty of character exceeded

even the charm of face and form. We looked to him almost as our deliverer, for father's health and visor were at last restord; but when he asked him for his bill, he laughingly replied: "That was a private matter with Miss

Maude. She is to settle that." My father looked amazed, but I could appreciate the payment he would accept, and imagined their surprise when he de-

manded it at their hands. The Summer was rapidly approaching the time for Maude's coming home

was at hand. With glad, happy heart, I decorated our room with the roses she so loved; hung the fresh muslin curtains from the windows, looped them back with sprays of flowers, all the while singing aloud in

I had reason to be happy, for Maude was coming to a home over which hung no shadow of debt. The mortgage had been paid. What she had saved should go toward her trouseau when she needed one, for father had prospered beyond all expectation.

At last I heard the sound of wheels. Nearer and nearer they came. I sprang down stairs to meet her, caught sight of the carriage coming rapidly up the drive saw her smile of welcome and saw that she was not alone.

"I bring you a surprise," she had written, and by her side sat Dr. Melrose, I knew it all. Was it not as I pictured, fancied, hoped? I saly know that an Was it not as I pictured. impulse which sprang from some corner of my being, caused ac to turn hastily up the stairs, and, burying my head in my pillow, sobbed aloud.

questioned a sweet, girlish voice; and I The packing companies are one imporsprang up, ashamed of my momentary | tant factor in the solution of the queweakness, to find myself clasped in my tion of a cheap food supply for the mitsister's warm, loving embrace.

She had come back loveller than ever. Ah, I could guess what had deepened the flush upon her check, the radiance of ber eye! I smoothed my disordered hair, listen-

ing the while to her merry talk, though not a word did she say of him whose deep, manly tones I could hear now and then as he sat talking.

"Look your best," she said, with a roguish twinkle-"your very, very best! There-I am satisfied."

And, taking me by the hand, she ran rapidly down into the room where they Dr. Melrose instantly arose and came

beside bim, as he directed, while he, not forward with his old smile of welcome, seeming to observe my agitation told and made a movement as though he would already give mea brother's kiss, new home, how already she had won her but remembered in time that his secret The evening passed rapidly away in

Then I found words, and when he her guest, full of meaning, but no one left me to visit my father, I tound my- else seemed to notice it. At last he rose to bid us good-night, and as he held my hand a moment in his own, he whisper-"You have always been most indefatignable in pressing my small claim up-

> you for payment. May 1 see you for a few moments in the morning?" "Certainly," I answered, but my voice trembled, and, I think, had he stayed a moment longer, I should have burst in-

> to tears. All through that long night I watched my sister, sleeping so peacefully by my side, waging my little war with self. How natural that he should love her,

his? At least the secret was all my own -none should suspect it. I had not known it myself until I had seen them side by side. With, perhaps, a shade less color, a little quivering of evelids, but nothing more, I entered the parlor next morning to greet Dr. Mcl-

rose, who stood waiting for me. "I have come, as you know, to claim my payment, Eliie. Can you not guess

A momentary struggle with myself, then I answered bravely "Yes, I know it all. You have my

consent, Dr. Melrose, although you take our dearest possession." "Then you know, Ellie? Since the day I first saw you in church I have loved you, have cherished as my fondest dream the hope of making you my wife. Darling, you are sure I have your con-

sent "

betrothal.

"But Maude ?" I almost gasped. "Mande is only too happy in the hope that I mr - win you. She is engaged to a cousin whom she met at Mrs. Marvin's and who is soon coming to claim her. He is a splendld fellow, and well worthy of her; but I, ah! my darling, can accept no other payment than yourself."

And, in a wild burst of passionate joy.

of marvelous unbelief. I gave it to him.

as he sealed it with the first kiss of our

## How Tomatoes are Cannod.

The large consumption of canned goods in this country, and the market which is opening for them in Europe; the great variety of farm products which the factories demand, and the near home market which they make for perishable fruits and vegetables, render this inclustry a matter of interest to all intelligent farmers. Besides ments and fish preserved by this method, nearly all the more common and perishable fruits and v. getables are canned and made available for food during the whole year. A canning factory is one of the most useful and economical institutions that can be established in an agricultural community. The process of preserving is now so well understood, and the work is so thoroughly done that the goods will keep for years, and can be sent on long sen voyages to all climates and to the remotest countries. There is hardly any limit to the demand for these goods, so that a factory will make a good home market for nearly all fruits and vegetables that cannot be disposed of in the fresh condition. It is a complete remely for any glut is the local markets; for when the bucksters or middleppen coast to pay liv-

"Ellie, darling, where are you?" ing prices the factory takes the overplus. ion. An almost inconceivable amount of wholesome food is gathered and marketed at cheap rates that would other wise be lost. In many ways this industry stimulates the production of fruits and vegetables in districts remote from large markets. It gathers up the frag-

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ments, so that nothing is lost. Your readers will be interested in a description of the canning process as earried on by the Dudley Packing Company at their factory. The capital calied for in a factory that will use up a thousand bushels of tomatoes a day is about \$15,000. The company began with tountoes because the demand for them is very large, and they can be grown in quantity at short notice. Seeds were distributed during the Winter and Spring, and the farmers pledged themselves to cultivate at least 115 acres of tomators, and the price was fixed at 30 cis. a bushel. It was regarded as an experiment, many of the farmers doubting whether the crop would pay at that price. The company engaged to take all that they would raise. Both parties have kept their engagements, and not only has the factory consumed all the tomatoes produced in this vicinity, but large quantities have been brought from New Jersey by steamer and rail for packing here. The yield on good land, well cultivated, has reached, in some cases, 400 bushels to the acrs, which pays fairly for a rather bulky crop.

The company furnish crates, holding just a bushel, open at the top, and furnished with projecting posts at the corners, so that they can be packed one crate on top of another without damaging the fruit. The payments are in cash on delivery of the goods.

The first operation in the canning prolong, three feet wide and two deep, and stands upon the platform, outside of the building, near the door. This tank is filled with water, and kept near the balling point by steam. A sieve of iron wire fits into the top of the tank, and receives two bushels of tomatoes for a charge. A jet of steam is tureed into the water, and the tomatoes remain is, it a half minute, when they are raised by the sieve, which turns on a hinge, an are dropped into two boxes at the lower end of the tank. Two men manage the scalding tank, and a boy distributes the fruit among the peelers within.

Thirty six women and girls attend to this department. They are arranged at the sides of troughs, elevated sufficiently for convenience, each workman having a pail and a box for the deposit of the skins and refuse. Each tomato is peeled and cleaned of all decay and green around the stem. The price paid for this work is 3 1 2 cents a pail, and the day's work is from 30 to 40 palls to each operative, according to her skill and setivity. The parls are carried by boys to the steamer, which is upon an elevate ! platform, and discharges into the hopper for packing. The overseer of the steam er carefully examines each pailful, as it is spread out, for any neglect among the peelers, and removes the unripe portion f any is found. She also gives a check for each pailful, which the boy returns to the operative, and these checks are the certificates of the amount of labor

From the steamer the tomatoes fall into a hopper, and then into the stuffer, which is a cylinder worked by a treadle. The cans used here are quarts and galjons, of which a large 'stock is kept on nand in the loft above the packing room. The cans are passed down to the paster by a trough, which is kept constantly full. The filling is done through a hole about an inch and a half in diameter is the top of each can. This hole is placed over the end of the stuffer, and with a slight pressure of the foot upon the trendle, the packer fills his can, and nearly excludes all al' and water. The next step in the process is regulating the cans for soldering. Some of the cans are a little too full, and some do not contain quite enough. This work is done by two girls. A boy fits the caps over the holes, and puts seven cans upon a tray, and delivers them to the solderers. This is done by boys at the Gulden's patent capping machine, which is exceedingly ingenious, and saves a great deal of labor, The can to be capped is put upon the platform of the machine. The soldering iron, a semicircular piece of iron adjusted to the size of the cap, Is immediately lowered upon the edge of the can, which the workman turns with one hand, while Continued on fourth page.